NO. 40.

THE HUNTED MAN.

It was a wild, rocky, hilly country through which the path led, winding about among bowlders and scrubby trees, now akirting the edge of a ravine, now crossing a brawling stream, and again going straight over a rugged hill.

Along this path a man was walking at a pretty rapid pace, looking neither to the right nor left, but wish his flerce gray tree fixed steadily before him. He was of medium height, well built, with broad, strong looking shoulders, in which there was a little stoop. His hair and beard were of a light, ashy brown, his complexion sallow, and his features commonplace enough, with the exception of his eyes, in which there was a cold, case light. He seemed to be well acquainted with the country, pursuing his way without hesitation, though occasionally he came to a place where another path intersected the one he was traveling.

Walking thus, neither slacking nor accelerating his gait, he came to a hill much higher and steeper than any he had yet crossed. Climbing this he necessarily went slower and with more difficulty, but the view that greeted his eyes when he got to the top would have well repaid him for the toil of the ascent had he been one to appreciate the beauties of nature.

Far away was a range of mountains, blue and misty in the distance, the lines of elevation gradually ainking to the foot hills, which we need to red! away in geest billows, breaking at his very feet in a chaotic mass of rocks, trees and glancing waters. But this traveles had no eye for the beautiful—the distant mountains, which he stood still for a moment to gaze upon, were to him only a place of refuge, and that distance which softened their rugged features and lent enchantment to them, he would gladly have dispensed with.

with.

With a heavy sigh, the first symptom of wearisess he had abows, he was about to resume his journey when he suddenly came to a stand again, thruing his eyes, in which there was a startled look, in the direction whence he had come. He had heard a sound that he too well knew. It was the bay of, a hound, just audible, far away to the southeast. He listened intently. The dog did not give voice continuously, but only at intervals, and his keen ear detected a difference in the bays as they came nearer; there were two dogs

by which he had come.

He knew well what that meant. He was not deceived. He did not allow any hopeful fancy to persuade him that those beast. It was a man they were after—he knew it. When the bound hunts the deer deep and sonorous and breaks on the still air like the toll of the death bell.

The hunted man turned and looked at the mountain again, and there was a great aging in his fierce eyes. Alas! those blue peaks—how far they were away. Then, with the activity of the panther, which he consults resembled in his nature, he counded down the slope of the hill, at the loot of which he plunged into a swiftly ranging stream.

The water was not deep, coming up to his knees, and wading through that he ran a hundred yards or more, and then turning, retraced his steps. There was a mountain ash growing about twenty feet turning, retraced his staps. There was a mountain ash growing about twenty feet from the stream, its wide spreading branches reaching out some thirty feet from the trunk. Climbing the tree, he claimbered out on one of the branches overhauging the water and dropped from the end of its waiting a considerable distance before landing, when he hastened to the top of another hill and stopped to listen just an instant. He could hear the dogs plainly now; they were rapidly approaching. Hug There was a place of refuge that he knew of, where no man, he thought, could find him. No man. But there were the dogs, whose some of smell was more uncring than the intelligence of man. They would track him to his hiding place in agit of all thes he might de. If he succeeded in reaching this place—it was not are away—they could not get at him there but they would know that he was somewhere near at hand. They would know—ah, yes, the dogs would know, but the men might think them at fault and draw them off. There was a chauce of that, and its was the only chance on which he could build a hope. But come what would, he would die game; they should not take him alive. He had no weapon save a long bladed knife, which he drew from its scabbard in his bosom, glancing at its keen edge and thrusting it back again.

at i.e keen edge and thrusting it back again.

He was running while these thoughts were passing through his brain, and in a little while he came to a ravine, the bottom of which he reached by successive leaps from bowlder to bowlder. Then he ran down the ravine until he came to a place where the sides where high and precipitous. A tree growing on the top of the cliff on one side hung over the verge, and from its gnarled and twisted branches depended a stout grapevine that reached about two-thirds of the distance from the top to the bottom. The man stopped here and with much difficulty eliminated by until he could reach this vine, up which he went, hand over hand, as a sailor goes up a rope. About twenty as a sailor gose up a rope. About twenty feet from where he started he ceased climbing, and giving the vine a swinging motion, after two or three vibrations,

motion, after two or three vibrations, suddenly disappeared, apparently into the very face of the rock.

The hounds came on. They lost the trail at the stream, up which the fugitive had waded. It delayed them a little while—it was all he had expected—and then they picked it up again, following it eagerly and plunging into the rayine, their deep voices echoing among the rocks and making as great a clamor as though there had been a full pack engaged in the chase. Suddenly they stopped and began to suiff about the foot of the cliff where the man had climbed up, holding their heads up and baying at regular intervals. Three men now made their appearance, leading their horses, which they had been obliged to dismount, in order that they might pick their way down an almost im-

practicable path. The dogs were trying to crawl up the face of the rock.

"Well, I'll be durned if thet chap ain't clum' up to thet thar grapevine an' gone up that like a squrrul," said one of the

men.
"Is there no way to get to the top
this cliff?" asked one, who seemed to

this cliff?" asked one, who seemed to be the chief of the party.

"This here cleft," said he who had spoken first. "Oh, yes! thar's a way roun'; but he'll heve got a good start on us, an' I reckin thet's 'bout w'at he was up to. They does try all manner er tricks when the dogs is behin' 'em, terber sho'. But come on, we'll see ef we can't catch up with him. Here, Pete—here, Jack," to the dogs, which were with some difficulty prevalled upon to leave the spot where the trail ended.

When the little party at last reached the top of the cliffs and the dogs were set to work they failed to find, though they went over the ground thoroughly, pacing

went over the ground thoroughly, pacing hither and thither, with their noses down and their tails swinging back and forth like pendulums.

"Now thet's w'at I calls cu'r'us," said the master of the hounds. "Thet feller

"Where did he go, then?" asked the officer of the law, for such was the chief of the party.

"Now, thet's jes' w'at I'd like to know, merse'f," replied the other. "He c'uldn's a flowed away."

a flowed away."

"The dogs must have been at fault," said the sheriff's deputy.

"No, stranger," said the man, "them thar houn's never was at fault yit, es long es I hes had 'em; I'll sw'ar by 'em 'fo' jedge an' jury."

The speaker then went to the verge of the cliff, and, lying down on his belly, looked over.

looked over.

"Can't see nothin' from thar," he said, getting up. Then he clambered out on the trunk of the tree that overhung the the trunk of the tree that overhung the shouted, "he's

"In a hole down thar. Yer c'uldn't see it to save yer life frum anywhar's elst but right here. It looks, fur all the worl',

right here. It looks, fur all the worl', like a great big chimbly swaller's nes', an 'I'll bet my hoss au' my dogs to boot thet he's in thar."

"He may be in there, as you say, my friend," said the sheriff, "but the question is: How is he to be got out?"

"I'll git him out," said the man. "Didn't I barg'in to ketch yer man fur wer?"

"Yes, you did, but I have no desire to see you throw your life away, bargain or no bargain, and I know that this is a de-no bargain, and I know that the sea de-

perate man you propose to tackle at a great disadvantage."

"A barg'in 's a barg'in," said the other, unsheathing a big hunting knife that was buckled round his waist and sliding down he grapevine with it gripped between his

When he got opposite the opening in the wall of rock he held fast with his left hand, and taking the knife out of his mouth with the right, called out. Those above could hear all that was said, though

they could not see the speakers.
"Hellow, stranger!" he said, "kin yer
commodate another feller in thar, ur is he house crowded?"

answer to his demand, he called again.
"Look out the do', lan'lord," he shouted; "when folks is a wantin' to stop at yer tayern is this here the way to treat yer be drunk, yer're lis' grunny, an' less'n do look bad in a man w'at keeps a tavern. Come, now, lemme hear from yer, feller citizen."

As it was evident that this man did not intend to be denied, the occupant of the cave at last made his appearance.

"Look here, my frien'," he said, fixing his flerce eyes on his unwelcome visitor, "did yer never hear thet ole sayin', 'Better let sleepin' dogs lie?' Ef yer didn't yer hears it now."

yer hears it now."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I heve heered it afore, but I heve cotch many a sleepin' dog by the throat an' hel' him till the breath was out'n him, an' I ain't skeered ny dogs nur men, sleepin' nur wakin'. That's some folks up here on the top a this here house uv your'n as wants to see yer, an' you've got to come, fair or foul."

"Go away from here man": said the

fair or foul."

"Go away from here, man!" said the fugitive. "I don't know yer, an' I ain't got nothin' agin yer, but if yer life be wirth anything to yer go an' leave me in

wirth anything to yer go an' leave me in peace."

But the other, heeding not the warning, gave his body a motion which started the vine swinging. It hung twelve or fifteen feet away from the cliff, which was concave, and it took a few minutes to impart to it the momentum necessary to bring it near enough for him to risk the leap he intended to take; and while he was still swinging, the man in the cave, armed with his knife, climbed upon the narrow ledge that surrounded the entrance to his hiding place. He stood a moment as if awaiting the assault of his adversary, and then seeming to change moment as if awaiting the assault of his adversary, and then, seeming to change his mind, crouched like a wild beast and sprung at him where he hung, at the same time making a savage lunge with his knife.

his knife.

The man clinging to the vine was perfectly cool, and prepared for just such an attack as this. He had wrapped his left leg around the vine, allowing the right to hang loose, and as the other launched himself from the rock, he threw the right out with a quick, vigorous jerk, planting his heavy cowhide boot in the middle of the fugitive's breast and dashing him back against the cliff, at the foot of which he fell in a heap, with no more life in him than there was in the bowlders among which he lay.—Robert Boggs in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Speaking a week ago at his 70th birthday celebration, ex-Governor Claffin, of Massachusetts, gave many interesting reminiscences of his connection with the Free Soil party. As a young man he said he went to St. Louis to establish himself ne went to St. Louis to establish himself in business, and it was at that time that he became a self confessed slaveholder, and owned his first and only slave. A young colored man was being offered for sale on the block, and Mr. Claffin's brother and himself bought him and set him free. Mr. Claffin said that he subsequently same back to Messachusetts and quently came back to Massachusetta and became interested in political matters, and to his surprise was nominated for the house of representatives. In the campaign that followed it was seriously thrown up against him that he was a slaveholder and was actually owning slaves at that moment in Missouri.—New York Tribune.

Throat of the Giraffe.

A French naturalist who has made a study of the throat of the giraffe, says that tasts does not linger any longer with him than with him than with a human being. This will be a consolation to a good many fellows who have loug been envious of that gullet. —Detroit Free Press.

STORIES ABOUT MEN

an O'Neill of Missouri is free and marked ability and certain refinement. Las year he made a trip to Europe and formed the acquaintance of a young English actor on the steamer. The latter relates that one day the congressman visited the house of com-mons and going out on the river terrace, where members and their friends sit and smoke during the intervals between divisions and when some sixth rate speaker is address-ing empty beaches, he found the actor and a tall, well built and ashionably dressed young man enjoying cigars together. Congressman O'Neill went over to his friend, who intro-

"Permit me to introduce Congressia O'Neill, of Missouri, Mr. Oscar Wilde." The emgressman took the outstretched and of the esthete with the cynical smile of he man who believes he sees through a prac-deal joke, but lends himself to it, and said:

"Are you the everisating chump they sent as to America a comple of years ago?" The esthete's eight dropped from his fin-ters and he stood aghast. Then turning to actor he asked in supercilious tones:

person?

Then he walked away, leaving O'Neill and the actor dumfounded. Early next morning the congressman took a cab and went to the congressman took a cab and went to the congressman took as a cab and went to the congressman took as a cab and went to the congressman took as a cab and went to the congressman took as a cab and cab a

There are any number of men in this town ho think it a great privilege to sit at the mo board with Gen. Sherman, and they mintain, too, that next to the gifted Depew, speakers in the country. A president of one of the Chicago railroads related in the Windsor hotel the other night a little anecdote anent the general and a certain military dinner giver in Omaha, Neb., at the beginning of the war. The mean ware water body nor giver in Omaha, Neb., at the beginning of the war. The menu was wretched, as were the Omaha hotels in those days. On this occasion the butter was particularly bad and rancid to a degree. The general's attention was arrested, and he sent for the manager, to whom he quietly remarked: "You will have to remove this butter, my friend, as it outranks me."—New York World.

Senator Vance's Poser. Senator Vances Poser.

Senator Vest was describing the limited means of the postofilee in Kansas City and said: "Why, Mr. President, I have seen waiting at the delivery windows a line of ladies half a mile long." Senator Vance rose and said: "Mr. President, I wish to invite it that it was the president. uire if that is the usual length of we dissouri?—Colcago Herald.





Family Pride. Grocer—You say that your wife, Uncle Rastus, supports the family by taking in washing? Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah.

Grocer-Well, don't you feel a little shamed at times? nothin' degradin' 'bout takin' in washin'. Ise proud ob de ole 'coman.—New York Sun.

Shop Keeping in Paris.

French Girl—Papa, a man who looks like an American is observing those gloves in the window. What shall I ask for them? Shopkeeper—Twenty dollars.

Man (entering)—How much?

Girl—Twenty dollars.

Man—Sac-r-r-r!

Shopkeeper—Forty cents, M's'seer.—Oma-

A Hamiliating Position. Visitor (to convict)-What are you in for,

my friend? Convict—Bank burglary, sir, Visitor—I suppose you must find your present position very humiliating. Convict—Yes, very. When we march to meals, sir, I'm always sandwiched in between two aldermen boodlers.—The Epoch.

More Interesting Matter Subscriber (to editor)—I don't see anything in your paper today about the heroic act of Smith, who saved the life of Brown at the Editor—No; it was crowded out to make room for an account of the cowardly manner in which Jones took the life of Pobinson.—

An Unkind Cut. Minister's Wife (Sunday morning)—Is it possible, my dear, that after all you have said about Sunday newspapers, you are read-

ing one?
Minister (very much hurt)—You ought to know me better than that, Maria; this is last evening's paper.—The Epoch.

Lively Spring Trade.

Omaha Jobber—John, have you got that car load of palm leaf fans ready for Blank & Blank, of Dakotaville?

John—Yes, sir; last box just loaded. "All right; now attend to loading that car of snow shovels for Lank & Lank, of New York."-Omaha World



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PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY PRE

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all property holders whose names appear upon the delinquent tax roll that the district attorney has entered suits against the same and judgment will be prayed on Monday, May 14. All who previous to that date pay their taxes with one dollar (\$1) additional cost, will be exempt from execution and re-

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